A

SHORT JOURNEY

IN THE

WEST INDIES,

IN WHICH ARE INTERSPERSED,

CURIOUS ANECDOTES

AND

CHARACTERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY J. MURRAY, FLEET-STREET,

AND J. FORBES, COVENT-GARDEN.

MDCCXC.

A

SHORT JOURNEY

IN THE

WEST INDIES.

FLUCTUATION OF PROPERTY.

MY friend Philanthropos, tho' full of the milk of human kindneſs, and ready to ſacrifice even life itſelf for the good of his fellow creatures, has here become a ſatyriſt.—By expoſing vice he hoped to cruſh her:—he has

painted her ſuch as he found her within the tropics, in a poem entitled *The Devil's Auction.* Whether it will have a good effect or not Heaven knows, but reformation, I'll anſwer for it, and not ill-nature, has guided his pen.

"Philanthropos, ſaid I to him, you condemn too generally, and you have thus made your pen inconſiſtent with your ſentiments; for I have heard you admire the real Weſt Indian, yet you have forgotten to ſave him from the dominions of the devil."

"The

"The poem, replied he, has reſpect only to the inhuman and avaricious inhabitants of the country, ſuch as I have found prevalent among the multitude who flock hither from Europe, in queſt of fortune. If I have drawn general condemnation upon them, it is that I have found them generally deſerving cenſure:—beſides, it is plain to ſee, that *The Devil's Auction* of the vices, to ſecure the country, is merely a vehicle for the ſatire; and he whoſe mind is amiable, will never feel himſelf included among the ſub-

jects of hell. The real Weſt Indian is the rareſt inhabitant of the Weſt Indies—generous from his birth, refined from his education, he ſeldom reſides in a country where humanity is a weakneſs, and refinement a burthen:—he looks round dear England for ſome congenial ſpot, and leaves to agents, here called attornies, the remittance of his fortune.—With ſome exceptions, the country is generally inhabited by rapacious agents, inhuman overſeers, ignorant and cruel negro-jobbers, and uſurious tra-

ders, and tradeſmen who think exorbitancy allowable to him who ventures beyond the Atlantic.—Such are too generally the inhabitants of the iſlands, and ſuch are the ſubjects of my ſatire."

Poor Philanthropos! You will obſerve, Eugenio, from the violence that runs through his poem, how diſguſted he is with the cuſtoms of this place, to which his mind is ſo little congenial; and I find he is reſolved, though it muſt nearly ruin him, to fly away to Europe in a ſhort time.——I have now

been long enough here to ſee ſome foundation for his ſatire.

The attornies, or agents, overſeers and truſtees, are really the locuſts of the Weſt Indies.—Beings who worm themſelves into employment and their employers out of their eſtates.—They are daily ſeen to grow rich at the expence of their maſters, and very often to make his property their own. The art is to get a debt upon his eſtate, then, by management with the overſeer, to keep down the annual produce till the debt encreaſe ſo much, that the

proprietor is glad to take any thing, or till a chancery ſuit foreclose a mortgage; and thus property is in continual fluctuation. It often happens that the ſtore-keepers, or merchants, are attornies or truſtees, who then take the advantage of ſupplying the eſtates from their own ſtores, at an enormous rate, and the planter is ruined with greater facility.

THE DEVIL's AUCTION.

IN proſe and verſe 'tis ſaid, or ſung,
That when this varied world was young,
E'er population ſpread the face on't,
And ſave old Jacob's ſcarce a race on't,
That Hell was ſomewhere to be found
Within the ſpace the tropic's bound:
And there old Satan held his court;
A hot one you may anſwer for 't.
But when the race of men augmented,
Of little ſpots grown diſcontented,
They 'gan to roam, and, true to tell,
Their feet were ever turn'd to hell.
For there the wicked tough old boy
Had plac'd ſuch baits as would decoy:

Rich

Rich valued ſtones begirt the ſhore,
And rivers ran with precious ore;
The ridgy mountains throw forth gold,
And gold the ſpacious vallies hold;
Each tree and ſhrub a perfume ſhed,
Spontaneous fruits the ſoil o'erſpread;
Tall foreſts there of grateful ſpice
All glitt'ring baubles to entice;
Which caus'd in fainter hues t' appear
The conſtant ills attending here;
Conceal'd the pride-infecting air
Beneath a ſky ſerene and fair;
As ſlander's friendly ſmiles aſſume
To clothe their native rankling gloom.
Conceal'd within the circle, dwell
Black envy, malice, hatred fell;
That Death outran both Youth and Time,
And even Nature chang'd with clime.
Who roams the world, the Roman cries,
His mind not varies, but his ſkies;

Had

Had here the Poet been confin'd,
The Poet too had chang'd his mind.
Yet, urg'd along by Fortune's flame,
Men oft in corporations came,
Unheedful of the ardent blaze,
While they the ample fund could raiſe.

Old Nick beheld his ſcheme ſucceed,
(His ſchemes but ſeldom fail indeed)
And grinning call'd his imps around;
For now 'twas time to quit his ground,
A roomier palace to prepare,
When men, turn'd Devils, ſhould come there;
And time had prov'd how well he knew
His truſty mortals would purſue;
Thro' thick and thin, thro' climes uncivil,
Would make their way to find the Devil.—

Now, as in crouds his courtiers preſs'd,
Th' helliſh crew he thus addreſs'd:—
So far to men we've ſhown the road;
Yet, e'er for them we quit th' abode,

'Tis

'Tis right, methinks, to leave behind
Some trinkets to corrupt the mind;
Which with the climate, ſure as fate,
Shall fix them ſubjects of our ſtate;
All virtues from the ſoul expell,
And multiply new imps for hell.
Yet not beſtow'd, for 'twere a vice
If Devils gave without a price;
And fatal might th' example be
To Hell, and Hell's high monarch, me.
For virtues let the toys be ſold:
Departed Virtue's worth all gold.
To public ſale the baubles rear,
And Belial be the auctioneer:
For he has eloquence to praiſe,
And by his ſkill each value raiſe.
Strait be a liſt convey'd about,
Of purchaſers we need not doubt."—
Glib Belial undertook the charge,
And having drawn the liſt at large,

In capitals at top he writ,
The grand Advertiſement, to wit,
The Devil having ſearch'd around,
And roomier habitation found,
More ſuited to his ample ſoul,
Which ever was beyond controul,
In kindneſs to the human race,
Would leave to them and their's the place:
But with great love invited all
In proper time below to call.
Yet e'er from hence his Godſhip went,
On doing kindneſs he was bent:
That therefore on a fixed day,
Of certain things, in their own way,
For them an auction he'd diſplay;
Of which behold a copy—viz.
Imprimis a *deceitful Phiz:*
Second *the art of growing rich,*
Without the help of fay or witch:
Good Luck in what you undertake:
In turning bargains *ready knack:*

A *Cerate*

A *Cerate* proved, whoſe virtues know
To harden hearts from others woe:
And *Cattle whips*, the lot that's near it,
Proper companions to the Cerate:
Chigoes of either ſex, whoſe breed
All other Chigoes do exceed:
For *Belly Broth* a new receipt,
Together with *the mode to eat:*
And many more, a long detail,
Which may be ſeen before the ſale.

Theſe liſts diſpers'd with utmoſt care,
The day arriv'd, ſee crouds appear!
Then on the roſtrum Belial mounted,
Of ev'ry lot the virtues counted;
Succeſſively he nam'd each price,
Then knock'd it down with, once, twice, thrice.
" Ladies and Gentlemen! behold
A *Phiz deceitful* to be ſold!
Come, ſirs! who ſpeaks to ſet it going?
Upon my ſoul 'twill make you knowing.

Look

Look on this face; not even Proteus
More readily can change the coat he has:
Howe'er the heart may ſtand affected,
Hence ev'ry look may be elected,
Without the fear of being detected.
'Tis right you ſee a ſample firſt—
Then laugh, and lo! his cheeks will burſt:
Be now your face in ſorrow clad,
Look on the Phiz, ah! it is ſad!
O'erwhelm'd with grief the brows appear,
And ruſhing from his eye the tear.
What need I more harangue its merit?
He who bids moſt away ſhall bear it.
"I bid my Senſe of Shame," cries one.—
"Who bids me more? a going, gone."
True, many more to bid aroſe
Yet Belial got the price he choſe:
And many live who of the race are:
Of this primeval high purchaſer:
In uſeful forms o'erſpread the iſle,
But undermine where'er they ſmile;

Take

Take titles that beſpeak your eaſe,
Attorneys, overſeers, truſtees,
With ſpecious face and friendly ſpeeches
Cling faſt, but turn out treach'rous leaches:
Suck as they cling (oh friendſhip great!)
And leave you—what?—a clear eſtate.
Belial now held a golden ſwitch!—
"Behold the *art of growing rich!*
This in poſſeſſion ſoon inſtructs
How to diſcover golden ducts:
Great magic in this wand is hid—
The art of growing rich! who'll bid?
Come, Gentlemen, 'tis worth the while:
Riches can ev'ry ill beguile,
Can raiſe the ſpirits, cheer the heart—
Now who bids moſt to gain the art?"
"I bid my modeſty"—cries one—
"Who bids again before 'tis gone?"
"I bid!" pronounced a ſober youth,
"I bid both modeſty and truth."

'Tis

"'Tis well," cried Belial, "but I truſt
A higher price, pray, Sirs, be juſt."
"I'll neither thoſe nor conſcience keep."——
He knock'd it down, but ſaid 'twas cheap.
An offspring he to hell ſupplied
Who ſpurn the poor and cheriſh pride;
Save when, by vanity inſpir'd,
The day-light deed ſpreads ſelf-admir'd.
And now the wheedling auctioneer
Forth from his cheſt produc'd a pair:
"*Good luck* and *ready knack to turn*
A bargain—(quoth th' imp inferne)—
Whoe'er can maſter theſe (he cries)
On ſure foundation he relies—
Whether in offices you dabble,
Or to your int'reſt move the rabble;
Whether your pines appear in rows,
Or coffee on your mountain grows;
Whether exploring ſomething latent,
For which your genius claims a patent;

Whether

Whether you chafer, and wou'd learn
How to advantage things may turn,
Whate'er you undertake, in ſhort,
Good luck and knack ſhall anſwer for 't:
Next, to the art of riches ſure,
Good luck and knack are moſt ſecure."
To *Common Senſe* it was knock'd down,
Since which all fools are lucky grown.
The *Cerate* next he bore aloft,
A radic cure for hearts too ſoft.
" Need I, pronounc'd the Fiend, now ſpeak,
And tell that none but fools are weak?
And what advantages ariſe
To all who Nature's pleas defies?
Of thouſands Fate the die has caſt,
And now the time approaches faſt,
When, for th' advantage of the ſtate,
A trade ſhall riſe renown'd and great;
Men for its object, 'tis no fable,
To drudge condemn'd, becauſe they 're ſable.

Then would you profit of the bleſſing,
The *Cerate* ſure is worth poſſeſſing."
Humanity was made his own,
And Belial knock'd the *Cerate* down.
The *Cattle-whips* were, in a trice,
Diſpos'd of too for *Pity*'s price.
Who has not heard the pleaſant ſmack?
France to herſelf may keep the rack.
Who ſhall their torturing powers relate?
The mercileſs triumvirate.
At ſun-riſe ſee the deſtin'd wretch
Fix'd to her ſtake at ample ſtretch!
There ſtand the three, congenial, fond:
What echoes to their laſh reſpond!
That ſtroke! that ſtroke! how glorious, brother!
Give her, good Driver, ſuch another.
How natural pangs diſtort the face!
How dearly Nature loves grimace!
To raiſe it both in joy and pang—
Gra' mercy, think how felons hang!

Think of each ſtrong convulſive fling!—
How her fleſh crawls—the whip 's the thing.—
Thirty-eight—oh, how ſhe wreathes!
How tough her nature! ſtill ſhe breathes.
Now take good aim for thirty-nine:
Of law we muſt not paſs the line.—
The ſelf-ſame ſun at eve again
Sees her ſtretch'd down, reviews her pain,
Till wearied Nature ſinks to death,
And ſtops at once both pain and breath.
"Dead! dig her hole—the fault's not mine—
She died beneath *her thirty-nine*."
Thus paſs the lives of theſe along,
Who place their bliſs upon a thong.—
Wolves! liſten, while the Muſes tell
Your recompence, prepar'd in hell.
Of all his ſubjects, loyal, true,
The Devil's moſt ſecure of you.
Ye tigers, liſt, while I relate
Your future *pleaſures*, in his ſtate.

Dark, dark the dungeon of your night,
Your day's a gloomy, gloomy light:
Murder'd ſpirits groan around,
Snakes and adders creep the ground,
Harpies' claws for thongs atone,
Tear your fleſh, and break your bone;
There the worm, that never dies,
Gnawing on your liver lies,
There the fire that quenches not—
Liſten, wolves! and hear your lot:
Liſten, tigers! to the ſound,
And tremble while you tread the ground.—
And now the Fiend, with winning air,
Expos'd the *Chigoes* to the fair.
" Fain, charming dames, would I diſplay
The pleaſure *Chigoes* can convey:
Whether you totter, or recline,
Looſe on the ſpacious bed ſupine,
Along the toe ſoft itchings fly,
Senſation exquiſite and high!

Beyond

Beyond all other *Chigoes* theſe,
And when they pall extract with eaſe."
The ladies all in turn bid for 'em;
But only *Delicacy* bore 'em.

"Now for your palates, dames, a treat—
For *Belly Broth* a new receipt.
Not of that thin and colour'd green,
Where only mutton tripe is ſeen
Scatter'd in knots thro' meagre broth,
A taſteleſs and inſipid froth;
Ah! no, (but food for father Nick!)
Yams, fiſh, and plantains make it thick.
Still more ingredients form the diet,
Which will be known to thoſe who buy it:
A pottage fit for Gods alone,
And but for Satan ſtill unknown.
Come, Who bids firſt? Ma'am, you, begin—
As for the mode, I'll throw it in."

The Ladies made a mighty riot,
Which even Belial could not quiet:

But he was fain the peace to bribe
By ſolemn promiſe to tranſcribe
Copies enough to ſerve the tribe.
Fair *Charity* the price behold,
For which the recipe was ſold:
Since which upon the ſocial bed
Delicious *Belly Broth* is ſpread,
And Scandal rears her ſnaky head.
'Twould jade the gentle Muſe, I wiſt,
In rhyme to numerate the liſt:
Of ſcratches, fanners, ſhould I tell all
That was diſpers'd abroad by Belial;
My ebbing ink would ſurely fail,
E'er it get thro' th' infernal ſale.
Suffice it that the Muſe inform
That Belial did his maſter charm.
A tow'ring pile the imps upraiſe,
And Satan's ſelf belch'd forth the blaze.
Truth, Conſcience, and Humanity,
Senſe, Modeſty, and Charity,

True

True Delicacy, Senſe of Shame,
And thouſands I've not time to name,
Delicious fuel! all conſpire
To feed the joyous helliſh fire.
Dominion thus ſecur'd to hell,
With dev'liſh joy and dev'liſh yell,
The crew purſues its leader's, flight,
Who ſeeks his throne in realms of night.—
Satire can only give offence
By ſtinging, or thro' want of ſenſe:
Let thoſe bleſs heav'n who read unſtung—
Bluſh and correct the heart that's wrung.

PROSPECT PENN.

I SHALL take the ſame mode of aggregation, to convey to you the picture I now have upon my mind, as I did when I painted ſlavery to you.—I ſhall collect, under one point of view, what I have ſeen and heard at various times.—I am now at Proſpect Penn—a penn, I have told you, is paſture grounds, on which there is generally a good dwelling-houſe.

The

The ſituation of this place being very elevated, an agreeable coolneſs bleſſes the nights of the inhabitants, which is unknown in the towns. As the Sun riſes, the air dies all away, and the heat becomes unpleaſant, till again the ſea-breeze ſets in.

At one end of the balcony a large table is covered, round which the family and the gueſts gather to breakfaſt. With coffee and tea, rolls, and ſometimes muffins, plantains, yams, and cocoas are introduced, which they, who

prefer them to bread, generally maſh up with butter.

While we were at breakfaſt, I ſaw a column of negroes at ſome diſtance coming towards the houſe, with things upon their heads, which I yet could not well diſtinguiſh; but the maſter of the penn taking his ſpy-glaſs (with one of which moſt balconies and piazzas are furniſhed) he told me that it was only a *trunk-fleet*.—Seeing me at a loſs to comprehend his meaning, he informed me, that he had ſo baptized the mode the ladies uſed to convey their fineries,

fineries, when they paid viſits at any diſtance.

A dozen or more negroes, men and women, are diſpatched in the morning, long before day, their heads charged with band-boxes, bundles and heavy trunks, containing the moſt conſider-able part of the wardrobe of the viſitors:—under this load the poor creatures trudge twelve, fifteen, and ſometimes twenty, and five-and-twenty miles, to pre-pare the toilet for their miſtreſſes, whoſe arrival they are in time to announce—they are certainly a

ſmall

ſmall ſquad; and I, think, the idea of the *trunk-fleet* happily imagined.

Philanthropos whiſpered me, that he was once at a houſe, where a fine mulatto girl led the van of one of theſe fleets—that on her putting down the trunk from her head, ſhe was ready to faint, and her ſhift was as wet with her perſpiration, as if it had been drawn through a river—that ſhe was big with child, was taken ill, miſcarried, and died.

Pray, Philanthropos, ſaid I, who was her miſtreſs? Is ſhe alive?——Bluſh not, he replied, that

that you once thought her amiable, for ſhe had an eye to allure and a tongue to deceive.—Heavens! Eugenio!—it is no other than—but let her paſs—I pity her.

An hour after the arrival of the *trunk-fleet*, I perceived ſomething like another fleet, which I ſoon found to be the lady herſelf and her family proceeding to Proſpect Penn in journey array.

It was a proceſſion of ſeveral horſes in a ſtrait line one after the other: it is a rule that the gentlemen ſhould ride before the ladies; ſo firſt came young Chewquid,

quid, the heir, next Bob Chewquid, then Mrs. Chewquid; after her rode her eldeſt daughter, then two more daughters on horſeback; then three negro boys on mules, then ſtout negro men afoot carrying young children.—The ladies wore white and green hats, under which white handkerchiefs were pinned round their faces, meeting over their noſes—this is the uſual precaution for preventing the ſun from bliſtering the ſkin.—The gentlemen wore white handkerchiefs, under the fore part of their hats, and rode

rode in long trowſers, made of Ruſſia ſheeting, the little children were alſo pinned up, and all the company had umbrellas.—

Moſt of the horſes were American, and of courſe what are here called pacers: they have a ſhuffling gait, that gives a very ſlight and eaſy motion to the rider—but the eldeſt ſon rode a fine ſtallion, bred in the country, that no Engliſh jockey would have been aſhamed to mount.

At laſt the proceſſion arrives before the piazza, all puffing for breath and half ſtiffled with their handker-

handkerchiefs. After the firſt how-dees were over, the ladies were ſhewn to their bedchambers, and the gentlemen took chairs in the piazza.

The manner in which the laſt ſeat themſelves, would ſtrike you on the firſt view as ludicrous.—They draw their chairs to the railing of the piazza, and fixing themſelves nearly upon the end of their back bones, they elevate their feet into the air upon the higheſt rail above their heads. As this railing only conſiſts of one or two bars, carried round the piazza,

piazza, and of courſe is very open. The proſpect that preſents itſelf to a ſtranger, coming up to to a houſe in front, is truly burleſque, and the various appearances of a dozen or fifteen men's bottoms expoſed to view, is a fine contraſt to the ſublimity of the ſurrounding mountains.

The gentlemen were no ſooner ſeated, than one of them gave a ſhrill whiſtle, by the help of his fingers, and immediately a negro boy came running in: as ſoon as he made his appearance, the gentleman, who had whiſtled, cried

(rather laconically, I thought) "Fire!"—upon which the boy went out as faſt as he had entered, and returned in a minute with a bit of wood burning at one end. By this time the tobacco pouches were all opened, ſegars prepared, and each with his ſciſſars had clipped the ends: the negro then preſented the fire all round, the tobacco was lighted, and I walked off.

My intimacy with the family of Proſpect Penn, gained me admittance among the ladies. There were two beds in the chamber,

on which, in looſe night gowns, they were lolling—and the children were ſprawling on mattreſſes thrown on the floor.

I found this indulging group about to make a repaſt—Mrs. Chewquid had a very large china bowl between her knees, as ſhe ſat croſſed-legged upon the bed—this bowl was full of a moſt ſavoury olio they called *Belly-broth*, which Philanthropos alludes to in his *Devil's Auction*.

While ſhe was ſpooning this out, others were opening the black crabs, to find thoſe fulleſt

of yellow fat and red eggs, the children were ſuffered to ſtuff voraciouſly—and there was a little urchin, about ſeven years old, who conſtantly ſtunned my ears with —"*me wantee crab, me wantee crab:*"—to ſtop his noiſe, I took up the firſt that came to my hand, and gave it to him; but he immediately examined it, and, finding it had no eggs, he roared out, "Him no hab egg, him blue mau-"gre to hell, me no wantee *man* "*crab*, me wantee *woman crab*;"—ſo he had heard his mother and the negroes diſtinguiſh the ſexes

of

of crabs. I would have taught the little ſcoundrel better manners, but his mother called him to her, kiſſed him a dozen times, and picked him out the beſt *woman crab*.

Several little negro girls were in the room: ſome were fanning the ladies, to cool them and keep off the flies, others were minding the children, and a poor devil was ſtanding in a corner upon one leg, holding the other up with her hand, for ſome fault ſhe had committed.

Shortly after I came into the chamber one of the ladies ſneezed, on which a young new negro-girl, who had been lately purchaſed, turned to her and ſaid,—"Nion coumpang hoo!" I took notice of it, and, as the girl did not talk any Engliſh at all, I aſked an older negro-woman the meaning of it, and found it was a cuſtom among the Africans, as well as with the Europeans, to pray a bleſſing on the perſon ſneezing—The woman was of the Coromantee country, the girl of Banda. This cuſtom ſeems to be general.

general.—Voltaire, treating of the religion of Zoroaſter, ſays, "It is there commanded to recite an *abunavar* and an *aſhim vuhu*, for thoſe who ſneeze."

During this forenoon regale the amours of the gentlemen with the mulatto ladies gave the chief turn to the converſation, in which, having indulged ſome time, the ladies felt the oppreſſion of the noon heat, and of the noon meal, ſo when they were diſpoſing themſelves to drowſe their hour before dinner I took my leave; but, before I went out of the room, the poor criminal

on one leg, wearied beyond her powers, let the other down—upon which her miſtreſs called her to her, and taking up her ſhoe rapped her head with the heel of it with great violence and rapidity—the puniſhment was novel to me, and I marked it in my notes for you.

On my return to the hall a freſh ſcene opened upon me—the gentlemen had been obliged to relinquiſh the piazza to the ſcorching rays of the ſun, and had retreated to the hall, where they were ſeated in a row in the

ſame

ſame poſture I had left them at the railing, with their feet higher than their heads; but they were now cocked againſt the wall, and their backs turned to the room in which they were ſitting. A very large bowl of weak punch, covered from the flies by a ſalver, was ſtanding on a ſlab, and a mulatto was handing glaſſes of it about. We all now retired to dreſs for dinner.

Having already given you ſome idea of a Weſt India dinner, I ſhall not here repeat to you the ſavoury meal—ſuffice it to ſay, the

the luxury of the table is well underſtood in this country.

Card playing and back-gammon are the paſtimes of the inhabitants, and a ſerious deep game of whiſt, is as much the faſhion here as in St. James's-ſtreet.

Several rounds of ſegars being ſmoaked off—the company divided, ſome took to cards, while others retreated to the piazza to continue ſmoking, cock up their legs, and dilute with weak grog. Thus paſſed the evening—ſupper is ſeldom introduced,

and

and is not the cuſtom at Proſpect Penn.

Between ten and eleven o'clock all the family and viſitors retired for the night:—but ſleep paid me not a ready viſit, and I took my pen for Eugenio.

Though the muſquitoes were not ſo numerous as I found them in and near the towns, yet they were in ſufficient ſwarms to diſturb me while I wrote. I had ſpent an hour in writing and killing muſquitoes, when a loud ſnoring in the hall drew my attention.——Preſently I heard a

ſpank

ſpank, as if a perſon had received a monſtrous ſlap on the face; a moment after another ſpank; after a ſhort pauſe a third—this continuing ſome time excited my curioſity; I took up my candle and walked lightly to reconnoitre the ſituation of the hall.—The windows being all ſhut up cloſe, the firſt thing that ſtruck me was the hot confined air, and the whining buz of the muſquitoes. I proceeded, however, to ſatisfy my eyes, and nearly tumbled over a fat black wench lying at the entrance; but, without waking her,

her, I paſſed, and got into the middle of the hall. Here waving my candle about me, I ſaw myſelf ſurrounded by the family domeſtics—men, women, and children, ſome naked, ſome half naked.

Here lay ſable lovers in each others arms, there the leſs amorous ſpread their weary limbs:—here a group of boys and girls, in wild diſorder, lay round a ſtout negro fellow who was ſnoring luſtily; and in that corner ſlept a ſolitary mulatto girl, all ſtretched upon the floor and faſt aſleep.—

While

While I was contemplating this extraordinary ſcene, I diſcovered the cauſe of the ſpanks I had heard from my chamber.

My eyes were turned to the fat wench, whoſe body had nearly tripped me up, when I obſerved her raiſe her hand, and give herſelf a ſlap upon the thigh—preſently I ſaw one of the boys do the ſame, and the ſolitary mulatto girl hit herſelf a ſpank on the cheek—in ſhort it ſoon became general, going from one to the other all round the hall—yet every creature was faſt aſleep:—

a little

a little exploring made me acquainted with the cauſe—they were killing muſquitoes.—Theſe venomous devils were feaſting upon the repaſt Nature ſpread before them, and paying the forfeit of their lives for their preſumption.

As I was returning to my chamber, the door oppoſite mine opened, and one of the viſitors half-dreſſed came forward, and aſked me, if I had not heard a ſhell?—The ſhell is not only the inſtrument of calling the negroes to their labour, but being ſound-

ed

ed in a particular tone is the ſignal of alarm, either for fire or rebellion.—Upon my declaring I had not heard it, he aſſured me that he had, and was ſo much alarmed, that he begged I would go with him into the yard to liſten; for, ſaid he, the negroes have lately ſhewn a diſpoſition to rebellion, and there are a vaſt number of *Coromantees* in this part of the country.—I went out with him, but I heard nothing; however, his imagination ſtrongly conveyed to his ears the ſound of a ſhell at a diſtance.—He alternately

nately put his head to the earth, and to the body of a large tree that ſtood near the houſe, which he imagined were conductors of ſound.—He would fain have called up the other gentlemen in the houſe; but I perſuaded him to have a little patience, for if there was an inſurrection, we ſhould have the alarm repeated by more neighbouring ſhells, than the one he thought he heard, which I believed was imaginary.

After ſome little time, however, I could not prevent him from calling the maſter of the

houſe, who ſeemed to catch the ſpirit of the alarm, and though he did not diſturb the reſt, got down his piſtols, and having provided his friend and myſelf with arms, we loaded and primed them, and then paraded in a fine moonſhine morning, liſtening with all our ears, till day-light at laſt diſpelled the apprehenſions of rebellion.

Heaven and earth! Eugenio—What are riches?—What is life to man when day hangs weary on him, and night ſpreads dread upon his ſoul!—The Africans brook

brook not their condition—repeated rebellions prove the horrors of their ſtate, and demonſtrate their repugnance to the yoke of ſlavery.—A conſciouſneſs of this pervades the breaſts of the Europeans, and experience lays the foundation of alarm.

The Coromantee negroes are found to be the moſt fierce of all the tribes imported from Africa; they are not eaſily ſubdued, and are the leaders of the rebellion.—An hiſtorian, treating of them, adviſes the Weſt Indians to exclude them from the commerce of

ſlaves.—"Nature, ſays he, does not inſtruct the farmer to yoke tigers in his team, nor ſhould the planter uſe Coromantees." Of theſe tigers he obſerves, after one of their rebellions, that "the ſole ground and object of their taking up arms, was the vain-glorious deſire of ſubduing the country, and they wanted neither ambition nor ſelf confidence," &c. So that theſe creatures, who are not men, deſire however to live as ſuch, cannot bend to the yoke, and are for throwing off tyranny.

MULATTOES.

MULATTOES.

IT is not alone reaſon and ſpeech, my dear Eugenio, that eſtabliſh the rank of man above every other ſpecies of animals, but Nature has dignified even his paſſions: ſhe elevates him in the tenderneſs and continuation of his ſocial feelings. The great tie, the exquiſite affections of parent and child, are unknown to inferior creatures beyond the impulſe of inſtinct, which gradually abates as the young become acquainted

with the modes of ſelf-preſervation, and at laſt ceaſes totally when the care of the parent is no longer neceſſary.

But man is bleſſed through life with the moſt endearing ſenſations, and friendſhips the moſt exquiſite, in the arms of his children. So have we been taught, Eugenio, and with this doctrine have we often gloried in the ſuperiority of our nature:—but, alas! it becomes a queſtion, whether the doctrine be juſt? Whether it be Nature that beſtows this pleaſing gift on the race of man? Or whether

whether a few only receive it from education and refinement? This queſtion might have occurred in England, while we had in view the hoſpitals and aſylums, eſtabliſhed for the reception of deſerted children; but I own it has ſtruck me more forcibly here, in conſidering the ſituation of mulattoes.

Men form temporary connections with females, whom they both eſtimate and treat as creatures of an inferior ſpecies; they procreate beings whom alſo they hold inferior to themſelves, but

ſuperior to their mothers.—As the rule obtains, that the offſpring follows the condition of the mother, it is unfortunate for this mixed breed, that the mother is not always of opinion with the father, for many negro women look upon mulatto children as a reproach: though the mulattoes themſelves, when they grow up, always pride themſelves upon their birth.

The overſeers of eſtates have as many ſable wives as they pleaſe, and change them as often as they pleaſe, and there are few properties,

perties, in the Weſt Indies, on which families of mulattoes have not been left by each ſucceeding overſeer, and alſo by the book-keepers. A father parts for life from his child, whom in its very birth he conſigns to ſlavery, with as much indifference as with his old ſhoes.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF SLAVERY.

COME, Eugenio, follow me through this eccentric journey, in which having ſhaken hands with father Time, the faithful old fellow wafts me along over diſtances in a twinkling, and ſaves *you* the trouble of climbing over ſlippery hills, or creeping along through beds of looſe ſand; preſerves you from the danger of being ſwept away by torrents, or being buried in quick-ſands or bogs, and ſets you gently down before the pictures

pictures that preſent themſelves, and the ſcenes that are acting on this ſtage.

On my excurſion to *Ratoon Rock*, where I was invited to paſs ſome days by a few choice ſpirits, to whom I was formerly known, I was ſtruck in going through a capital town with the ſight of a file of negroes chained to one another, and with the ſound of the echoing cattle-whip. Runaways, and negroes that are found *ſtraying*, and do not give an account of themſelves, or cannot, from not knowing how to ſpeak Engliſh,

Engliſh, are taken up and put into the workhouſe:—in this ſituation their labour is ſuppoſed to be ſo much harder than is their common lot, that negroes are often ſent hither by their maſters and miſtreſſes as a puniſhment for the faults they commit; and, according to the ſuppoſed heinouſneſs of their guilt, the correction (that is the torture) of the cattle-whip is ſuperadded. Theſe unhappy wretches (I have reckoned near a hundred linked to the ſame chain) are employed to dig and carry ſtones, remove rubbiſh, and

to

to perform all the moſt fatiguing offices of the public. The chain being fixed about the leader, is carried round the bodies of the followers, leaving a ſufficient diſtance to walk without treading on each other's heels, and to each it is ſecured by a padlock.

As ſoon as they are thus yoked, within the walls of the workhouſe, the gate is thrown open, and the *poor animals* are driven out by a negro *Driver*, attended by a white *Driver*, both with cattle-whips in their hands:—

ſometimes

ſometimes the white *Driver* rides on a mule.

You may imagine that, in the great number of perſons thus faſtened to each other, without the leaſt attention to the difference of age or of ſtrength, it is not very probable that an equal pace among them can be kept up through the day as they move about.

They are ſet off upon a briſk walk, almoſt approaching to *a trot*, and woe be to thoſe whom fatigue firſt forces to flag:—the never-ceaſing ſound of the cattle-whip

whip long keeps a regularity in the ſlight ſinking curve of the intervening links of the chain, but, *naturam expellas furca tamen uſque recurret*, nature will return, the feebler will begin to pull upon the ſtronger, the intervening links will loſe their regular curve: here they become ſtretched to their utmoſt, there they ſink nearly to the ground, the weak add the weight of their exhauſted limbs to the ſtrong, and the ſtrong tread upon the heels of the weak.—This the Drivers *remedy* as much as poſſible, by

their cattle-whips, till Nature, quite worn out, is at laſt driven back to the workhouſe.

I obſerved, that many of their bodies were terribly gaſhed and mangled.—One of them had an inſtrument about his neck they call a pot-hook, it was made of iron, and had worked his collar-bone raw.

I have ſeen things of this kind, in wood, put about the throats of hogs on Engliſh farms, to prevent their going through hedges: what purpoſe it was to ſerve round the neck of a man I could not

not divine, but I was informed by Philanthropos, that it was to prevent ſuch as were diſpoſed to run away from making their way eaſy through the woods.

RATOON ROCK.—SLAVERY.

Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Had here the poet been confin'd,
The poet too had chang'd his mind,

SAYS Philanthropos in his Devil's Auction—and really, my dear Eugenio, I would not anſwer for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury himſelf, though I am told he is as good a man as any in his whole flock.—The mind does in general receive a bias both from the climate and example, and at laſt undergoes a total change from the human

human ſtate, in which it may have arrived here. There is a kind of intoxication reigns, that makes us ride over precipices without dread, and walk among thorns without being ſenſible to their wounds.

I have not loſt my natural abhorrence to cruelty, yet I ſee it practiſed with much leſs impatience than I did, and I have only to pray, that I may not feel an inclination to turn *driver* myſelf, before I have the ſatisfaction of taking my dear Eugenio by the hand. On my arrival at Ratoon

Rock, I found my old acquaintance ſo deeply engaged in conſultation, that they ſcarcely welcomed me, before they reſumed their deliberations upon a ſubject very intereſting to them, and to which I was allowed to liſten. I ſhall relate it, Eugenio, becauſe it ſerves to prove my former remarks on the ſubject of power, that according to the hands in which it is placed, it is angelic or diabolical. One of the gentlemen ſuſpected that the horſes had been taken out of the ſtable and rode in the night; another was

ſure

ſure of it; a third ſwore it with horrid imprecations; and a fourth was for finding the truth out immediately, by putting the ſtable boy upon the picket till he acknowledged all he knew of the matter. The ſentiment of the laſt was adopted, and the boy was inſtantly called in: he was a fine youth about ſeventeen years old, a mulatto, and ſuppoſed to be the ſon of the ſame father as his maſters. The poor boy approached with diſmay in his countenance; he was queſtioned and croſs-queſtioned; he was ſworn at, he was

counſelled to declare what he knew—he proteſted, that if the horſes had been rode it was without his knowledge: this only brought forth vollies of oaths, abuſe, and threats, and an immediate recourſe to the torture: a cord was run round one of his wriſts and thrown over a beam, by which he was ſuſpended, while his foot was placed on a pointed ſtake fixed in the ground, the other arm and leg ſwung off with the body from its poiſe. This he bore a conſiderable time, proteſting himſelf ignorant of the

cauſe

cauſe of his puniſhment; at laſt the torture became inſupportable, and he promiſed confeſſion if they would take him down; he was accordingly taken off the picket, and the rope ſlackened; he was now deſired to tell the truth: "Well, Maſſa," ſaid he, after reſting a little while, "if I muſt tell "the truth, I aſſure you, Maſſa, I "don't know any thing about it." He was immediately hoiſted to his former poſition, where a ſecond proof made him *more reaſonable*, and he was ready to declare *all*, if they would but take

him down again; but no relief was to be granted now, until he firſt mentioned the negroes who had been riding the horſes. He was aſked if it was not Alexander, or Jupiter, Marlborough, or Ned, and the laſt name vibrating on his diſtended nerves, he roared out "Ned, Ned, Maſſa."—While he ſtill ſwung upon the picket, many more queſtions were put to him about Ned, who being thus *fully convicted*, the poor accuſer and evidence was let down. It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe to you, the vehemence

of

of paſſion that ſucceeded, when Ned was brought to face his accuſer, who again flinched from the charge, which he ſaid was but the effect of pain; on which both he and Ned were now picketted, and it ended with their charging one another, and both confeſſing themſelves guilty: the conſequence was, that they were carried into the field, and I heard the gentlemen ſay, that they ſtood by while theſe poor creatures received a *hundred laſhes* each from the cattle-whip, to the repetition of which, they were determined

to

to be again ſpectators the next day.

I made the beſt of my way from Ratoon Rock.—Shall I add, that I afterwards heard that cruelty not being ſatisfied with the cattle-whip, poor Ned was ſtripped of his livery, degraded to a field negro, and for ſix months dug cane-holes, weeded, and cut down the crop with a fifty pound weight faſtened to his body.

POOR GODFREY.

Me tenet ignotis ægrum Phæacia terris:
Abſtineas avidas, Mors violenta, manus!
Abſtineas, Mors atra! precor. Non hic mihi mater,
Quæ legat in mæſtos oſſa peruſta finus:
Non ſoror, aſſyrios cineri quæ dedat odores,
Et fleat effuſis ante ſepulchra comis:
Delia non uſquam!

UNACCUSTOMED to the ſight of death, while I breathed the air of Europe, I am, perhaps, the more ſtruck with his viſits in this climate. What numbers of my acquaintance can I already count who have yielded to his dart!

None

None did I lament more than poor Godfrey, whom I found a book-keeper at Tranſit Caſtle; a young man who had been ſent out by his parents, with the notion of his making a certain fortune. His education had been excellent, and his feelings were exquiſite, which has always been enough with me to level diſtinction. My attention to him was ſo much the reverſe of the haughtineſs with which he was treated by the overſeer whom he was under, that I doubt not it added much to his attachment to me. He had not been

been long in the country, but the oppreſſion of his mind conſpired with the climate, to quicken the undermining of his health: the pallid tinge had ſeized his cheeks; I ſaw his danger, and adviſed him to leave a country, and a ſituation wholly unfit for a man of his ſentiments and accompliſhments; and I prevailed upon him to write to his father, to recall him from the moſt miſerable and ungentlemanlike employment in life: his own letter to me will beſt tell you his fate—poor fellow! it went to my heart.

THE LETTER.

"I HAVE received my father's
"injunctions to return imme-
"diately to Europe;—his words
"are,—*Make haſte my ſon, to quit*
"*ſo diabolical a life: I was deceived*
"*by an alluring proſpect, for had*
"*I known before to what you were*
"*doomed, riches would never have*
"*prevailed upon me to conſent to*
"*ſuch a degradation of my ſon: the*
"*account you give is too horrid to*
"*reflect upon: your mother and*
"*ſiſters join me in urging you to*
"*depart immediately. We have now*

" *a plan for your happineſs, and not*
" *for wealth; I have taken a ſmall*
" *farm for you: you always loved*
" *the country, and I am pretty ſure*
" *that a certain lady whom you*
" *were fond of, will have no objec-*
" *tion to help you in the management*
" *of your farm.* Alas! Sir, theſe
" kind words are come too late,
" and arrive but to embitter death.
" My family is not wealthy, but
" my anceſtors have always prided
" themſelves on being gentlemen.
" Forgive my intruding my con-
" cerns upon you; but the ſympa-
" thy of your mind emboldens
" me;

" me; and writing to you, ſtrews
" flowers round my opening grave.
" —I was averſe to leaving my
" country, where my heart was
" fixed upon a beautiful and amia-
" ble young woman; but a Weſt
" India gentleman had ſo pre-
" poſſeſſed my father with the
" idea of my ſoon acquiring a for-
" tune, that he uſed his autho-
" rity. I arrived here with re-
" commendation to one of the
" richeſt merchants, who pleaſed
" to make a book-keeper of me.
" Good Heaven! how did I deſerve
" this lot! book-keeper! ſuch is

" the

" the name, but it is not neceſſary
" for ſuch a one to know what a
" book or a pen is; his occupa-
" tion is to be out all day in the
" cane-field, to ſtand over the
" negroes at work, with a whip,
" which it is his duty to uſe with
" every cruelty, rather than ſuffer
" one *ounce* of labour to be loſt;
" he is to ſubmit, like the negroes,
" to the caprices and tyranny of
" an ignorant ſelf-ſufficient over-
" ſeer; and he is to live upon
" pickled herrings, ſalt beef, and
" new rum.

"Such has been my lot, and
"I have more than once thought
"of following the example of a
"young man doomed to the like
"deſtiny, but who decided on a
"leſs violent fate by putting an
"end to his exiſtence. I have
"been reſtrained by my abhor-
"rence to the guilt of ſelf-mur-
"der, and a thorough perſuaſion
"that a ſhort reſidence in my ſi-
"tuation would ſave me the crime.
"Till you adviſed me to return to
"my family, I painted to myſelf
"a kind of heroiſm in not throw-
"ing myſelf upon them again,

"as

" as I knew them not to be rich;
" but how ſhall I deſcribe to you
" my feelings, at the affectionate
" invitations that my parents give
" me to return to happineſs! I
" know I ſhall never again quit
" the ſorry bed on which I am
" ſtretched: I wiſhed to die, and
" juſt as my wiſh is about to be
" accompliſhed, real happineſs
" preſents herſelf to my view in
" life, and life becomes my wiſh.
" The doctor ſays, I cannot live;
" —Oh! why muſt I die thus
" removed from all who love me;
" from all the affections of the

" heart that render life delicious,
" and even on death can caſt a
" ſmile!

" While on ſtrange ſhores the ſickly bed I preſs
" Oh! ſweeping Death! thy greedy hands
" with-hold!
" With-hold! no tender mother here ſhall bleſs,
" And in her mournful arms my limbs enfold.

" No ſiſter watch my body on its bier,
" And follow, weeping, to my narrow cell:
" Nor is my Delia nigh to ſhed love's tear,
" And count her ſighs upon my paſſing-bell.

" Do not think, Sir, that a
" cowardly weakneſs has ſtolen on
" my ſoul, but life would now
" have been ſweet to me.—May
" Heaven

" Heaven bleſs you in it!—When
" you next come this way, do en-
" quire in what part of your
" grounds they have laid me, and
" treat my ſpirit, if ſpirits can be
" treated by human nature, with
" once repeating over my grave
" —POOR GODFREY!"

GOOD THINGS.

I FORMERLY deſcribed a dinner for you—time has now put it in my power to give you ſome more good things from this climate. There is a profuſion of luxury for a Weſt-India table. The beef, mutton, and veal, are inferior to the Engliſh in general, but ſome gentlemen who ſtudy good eating have improved them very much, and it has been the ſubject of rivalry whoſe penns can produce the beſt. Nothing

can

can ſurpaſs the pork of this country, and I know one gentleman ſo choice as to have his ſties conſtantly ſupplied with the ſugar cane. Both lamb and kid are ſerved at table, and I think the latter exquiſite, when very young.

The poultry, in great abundance, equals any you have in Europe, except the duck and gooſe. They do not attend to the rearing of geeſe, and the Muſcovy duck, which is the ſpecies that thrives here, is much larger than the Engliſh, but has not its flavour.—

The Engliſh duck is reared by ſome, and always preferred when to be had.—The Guinea fowl, which abounds here, both tame and wild, receive a ſuperior flavour from the corn on which it feeds, called Guinea corn.—When it is not fed on this it wants, in my opinion, its true reliſh.

Game is unknown here, at leaſt the idea you have of game—there is neither hare nor partridge, pheaſant nor growſe, nor any of the heath birds. The woodcock and ſnipe which, though not regular game,

game, afford the keen ſportſman ſo much diverſion, and are ſo exquiſite at table, you know are the natives of a cold climate, and fly even from England at the approach of the Sun: but to make amends, there is a ſpecies of game here, far ſuperior to any bird you ever taſted for its delicious flavour, though I have ſometimes after being ſatiated with repeated dinners of ring-tail pigeons, thought I could prefer a woodcock. This bird has its particular ſeaſon and is of courſe only good then: it is of the ſize of a large pigeon

and

and as fat as a butter bird, but its flavour is peculiar, and words will not give it you, or you ſhould have a delicious dinner for you and your friends.

There are ſeveral tribes of wild pigeons, which, though they fall ſhort of the delicacy and richneſs of the ring-tail, are yet very fine: bald-pates, mountain-witches, &c. and I muſt not forget to tell you that the tame pigeons here are excellent.

Notwithſtanding I have ſaid, that the ſnipe is an inhabitant of cold climates, there is a ſpecies of

of ſnipe here; it is not the ſame as the European, but reſembles it, and delights in wet and marſhy grounds—in ſome parts of the iſland, the gentlemen at a certain time of the year go out to ſhoot it. The ſharp winds from the North, which ſet in about November, drive hither vaſt abundance of duck and teal.

Before I quit the land, to go in ſearch of what the water yields, I ſhould tell you that the wild boar is found in many places, and hunted with dogs and guns.

A gen-

A gentleman whoſe paſſion is dogs and game fowls entertained me, or rather confounded my attention, for two mornings together with the deſcription of a hunt—he detailed with vaſt ardour the flight and ſwiftneſs of the boar, the keeneſs of the dogs, the ſtand made by their enemy, the reſolute death of half a dozen of them by the ſharp tuſks—the attitudes of the ſportſmen with their guns behind trees, and in ſhort, *minutiæ*, which as I neither underſtand or enjoy, I ſhall not pretend to enter into.

The

The boar is ſmaller than that upon the continent of Europe, and its fleſh when dried and ſalted, which is here called jerked, is eſteemed a great reliſh.

GOOD

GOOD THINGS.

THE water as well as the land furniſhes its dainties for the table. The fiſh differ univerſally in kind from the European, though from ſome little reſemblances in ſhape or taſte, a few have obtained the ſame name. There are many ſpecies that from the richneſs of a ſalmon deſcend to a coarſeneſs, which none but a half-famiſhed negro would ever put a ſecond time between his lips.

The amber fiſh (which is very rare), the hog-fiſh, and the Jew fiſh, take the lead of the ſea tribe. The catalogue of what the ſea furniſhes for the *bon-vivant*, would be long and unintereſting to you, who could only read their names without partaking of their daintineſs. Thoſe I have mentioned are prodigiouſly rich—the amber fiſh is ſo called from the yellow ſtreaks of fat, that lie between the flakes of fiſh which is as white as ſnow. The ſize of the congor eel is enormous.

The

The freſh water here alſo yields ſeveral kinds of fiſh, that are the boaſt of Tropic Epicuriſm, which defies all the rivers in the world to match the mountain mullet, or calapaver.

The firſt of theſe is called mountain mullet, not only to diſtinguiſh it from the ſea mullet, from which it differs materially, but becauſe it is to be found at the heads of rivers amidſt rocks and hills. It is a delicious fiſh, yielding fat enough for its own ſauce without the aſſiſtance of butter.

The

The calapaver is generally of a larger ſize, to be found in all parts of the river it inhabits, and it is juſt not placed on an equality with the mullet.

There are gentlemen in the country fond of angling for the mullets, with a berry which they are ſeen to take greedily, as they fall from a tree that chances to overhang the river; which in general is ſo clear, that an angler always ſees his game. They are likewiſe taken in the nets; and in another manner, which ſome of the mountaineer gentlemen

and ladies enjoy as a great diverſion, but which is barbarous, and, if it is not prohibited, ought to be ſo.

It is performed by poiſoning the river where the greateſt quantity of fiſh is ſuppoſed to be: this is effected by throwing in ſome bags of white-lime, together with the bark of a ſpecies of poiſon-wood; which ſo thoroughly diſcompoſe the poor fiſh, as to make them become an eaſy prey. The party who are fiſhing in this mode are all in the river with their negroes: the

water

water about them is then diſturb-ed with the poiſon, which is ſpread and mingled every where with it. In a few minutes the mullets are ſeen making up to the ſurface of the water, and appear quite intoxicated; ſome puſh down the ſtream, others float quite ſenſeleſs, and the whole party of fiſhers are buſied in catching up, with their hands only, as many as they chuſe—vaſt numbers are taken. The river is diſturbed for a great way, as the poiſon flows down, the part firſt poiſoned ſoon recovering its ori-

ginal purity, and whatever fiſh remain there become immediately reſtored.

I am ſure you will condemn this as a wanton and cruel amuſement, and will perhaps blame me, for having been twice preſent at it: but, believe me, parties of gentlemen and ladies, from the towns, are often formed to go up to the mountain rivers in order to enjoy this ſport.

MORE GOOD THINGS.

WITH the delicacy of the turtle you are thoroughly acquainted in England, I ſhall therefore paſs immediately to a very curious creature, the crab of theſe countries.

The black and white crabs are to be ranked with the moſt luſcious delicacy I ever taſted: when the egg and the yellow fat together fill the ſhell, they have a richneſs and flavour hardly to be equalled, and not to be deſcribed.

The black crab has generally the preference; but I have heard ſome who thought the white equal, if not ſuperior. The food of both is chiefly graſs—they inhabit the hills and flats that are neareſt the ſea ſhore. Formerly they were more plentiful, and, I am told, in the ſeaſon of their coming down to the ſea, to depoſit their ſpawn, they have been known to cover vaſt ſpaces of ground, and buſhels of them gathered up at one time in the ſame field.

Their march is curious: tho' inhabitants of the land they are

natives

natives of the ſea; whence, as ſoon as they are formed, the old and the young ſet out for the country—ſome make their halt nearer, others remove farther from their birth-place; but regularly, as the ſeaſon returns, one and all again ſet forward for the ſhore to give new life. They travel by night, generally taking the benefit of the moon, and they reſt by day: they are ſaid never to deviate from a ſtrait line, but if interrupted, even by trees or houſes, they will go up one ſide and down the other rather

than go round. You will find this account of them in the books of natural hiſtory, and if their infeſting houſes at one time of the year be a proof of it, I have the teſtimony of my own eyes and ears: I have often heard them running over the roofs of the houſes in the night, and caught them as they came down: I have alſo caught them in the cellars, in the halls, and even behind my bolſter; for, if frightened, they will run away any where, to avoid danger, and to hide themſelves.

The

The large ſea crabs and lobſters are in no great eſtimation, being very courſe in compariſon with the land crabs and cray-fiſh, which may be called the delicate lobſter of the rivers, reſembling more the Engliſh lobſter than the cray-fiſh.

The ſhrimps, ſome of a very large kind, are extremely fine.

The ſoldier, which has ſmall nippers formed like the crabs, is obliged to find itſelf a lodging for his body, as it is too delicate to be trailed along without a ſhell; it therefore occupies the firſt it finds

finds vacant, no matter what, ſo as it ſuits its ſize, and that is from the ſize of a ſnail ſhell to four and five times that bulk. This creature is by many accounted delicious, and almoſt equal to the crab: it has a yellow fat and eggs perfectly reſembling the crabs', but there is a degree of rankneſs in them that offends my palate.

Conchs are found at the bottom of the ſea, at ſmall diſtances from the ſhore; the ſhell is large and heavy, and I have been ſurpriſed to ſee the dexterity of a negro

negro in diving for them. We paddled about in a canoe from three to ſeven fathom water, and wherever he could ſpy them, the negro threw himſelf in and brought them up: they are ſeldom found lying cloſe to each other, but if within a few yards, he would ſwim from one to the other carrying them along with him: he ſometimes brought up four, which will ſurpriſe you, when your hear they are nearly each as big as a man's head, and weighing five or ſix pounds—he manages to fix two under his arms,

arms, and he riſes with the other two in his hands.

Theſe ſhells contain a ſhapeleſs ſort of thing, which muſt be forced out by the effect of fire, or ſome other harſh means, and when made tender by laying it in vinegar, and beating it as one would beef-ſteaks, it is made very palatable and fit for the table. This, as well as the perriwinkle, is often uſed as a ſauce to other fiſh.

The ſhells of the conch are made uſe of to call in and turn out the negroes—a hole is made in

in the top, through which a negro blows, and ſends the ſound to a great diſtance.

You have heard that oyſters here grow on trees—by which you are only to underſtand, that they adhere to the old roots of the mangrove and other trees on the ſea ſide, which are cut by the negroes and brought to market with the oyſters ſticking to them.

They are very different from thoſe diſpoſed of by the ladies of Billingſgate—they have neither ſimilar ſhape nor ſize, but are long,

narrow

narrow and deep, and the largeſt, when opened, is not ſo big as the ſmalleſt Colcheſter; yet the juice it affords, and the oyſter itſelf, though ſmall, have a reliſh beyond the European—indeed I do not think it fair to compare them, as they are not of the ſame ſpecies.

VEGETABLES.

In the vegetable liſt, Europe is, I think, outdone; for from what is afforded in the Britiſh ſoil, there are but a few ſpecies to be ſubtracted, while there are many produced here which temperate climates do not enjoy, and of which deſcription muſt fail to give you juſt ideas.

The Avocado, Sir Hans Sloane's famous vegetable marrow, which is commonly called the Alligator Pear, grows upon a large ſpread-

ing

ing tree. The pear, as it hangs upon the tree, is not unlike in ſhape to the large winter baking pear, but much larger and of a very different nature. It does not ripen on the tree, but falls, or is taken when full grown and laid by to ripen, which it does in a few days: the rind is thick, ſome of a green, others of a purple hue—the fruit it covers is a mixture of green and yellow, and of a conſiſtence ſomething like cold marrow.

It ſerves either as a vegetable to accompany meats, or as a fruit takes

takes its place in the desert—sometimes it is cut in small slices as you would cut a melon, and eaten with pepper and salt, sometimes cut in two, and mixed, in the rind, with wine and sugar. The part to be eaten is generally about half an inch thick, covering a kernel, not quite round, the upper point rather tending to a cone: this stone is very large in proportion, and yields a very dark and lasting stain. The negroes are exceedingly fond of this vegetable, and the less industrious ones, who neglect their own provision grounds,

are very happy when the ſeaſon approaches, for being plentiful in moſt parts, and growing wild, they are allowed to enjoy their ſhare of them. It is remarkable that, when a negro has made his meal, he always treads ſome of theſe kernels into the earth with his heel, which, in the courſe of a few years, add their plenty to his repaſt.

The plaintain is a moſt valuable vegetable, and the grand reſource of the poor negroes. It is encloſed in a very thick ſkin, and uſed before it is ripe, when it is mealy and very wholeſome; in which

which ſtate it is called bread kind, and often introduced at the beſt tables. When ripe they are made into fritters or fried. Plantains are from ſeven inches to upwards of a foot long, and not quite ſo thick as a man's wriſt; they grow in bunches, from fifteen to ſixty and more together; the trunk of the tree is a ſlight ſpungy body, very quick of vegetation, arriving at perfection in the courſe of a year. Unfortunately it yields too eaſily to the high winds of this country, and is very often thrown down before the fruit is put forth. It

is propagated by ſuckers from the old trunk. The plantain and avocado are the two grand vegetables of this country.

The mountain cabbage is a very ſingular one, and not in general uſe. This beautiful tree riſes into the air upwards of forty yards, ſlender, ſtrait, and tapering, without a ſingle branch or twig. Its top, however, is crowned with beautiful branches, that reſemble a proportionable plume of feathers falling all round. The knob or pin from which theſe feathers iſſue, and which ſeems to have come

come out of the turner's ſhop to be fixed on the head of the tree, is of a delicate and ſoft ſubſtance, which is ſometimes brought to table boiled, and eaten with ſalt and pepper. It is delicious, but to obtain it, the tree muſt be cut down and deſtroyed, as it ſerves no other purpoſe, and does not grow again. I hate to rob the eye in order to gratify the palate.

The chota grows upon a vine, and takes the ſhape of a ſmall baking pear; it is of a very light green colour, and has one or two

ſeeds in the middle of the ſize of a bean; they are boiled, ſplit into two pieces, and ſerved with melted butter; to me they taſte like an artichoke bottom, though a little watery.

This climate produces a number of leſſer peculiar vegetables, as the yam, cocoa, toyau, calliloo, ockra, &c. various kinds of peaſe and beans, and the whole tribe of peppers.

The black pepper of the eaſt does not grow here, though I have ſeen ſomething in the woods very

very like it, but it is not allowed to be the ſame, nor is it made uſe of.

THE DESERT.

NOR is Nature leſs luxuriant in her gift of fruits. Pines, ſhaddocs, oranges, granadillas, ſtar-apples, melons, grapes, figs, caſhoos, grape-fruit, forbidden-fruit, raſpberries, gueneps, papaw, mammee, and tamarinds, all exquiſite in their nature, beſides an

infinite variety of leſs eſteemed productions. Perhaps there are ſome who would not exchange the European fruits for theſe; I own myſelf one. The variety of the apple, the pear, peaches, nectarines, apricots, and the whole race of plumbs, with mulberries, ſtrawberries, raſp-berries, gooſeberries, and currants, are all unknown here. Europe is able by art, to obtain many of the fruits of theſe climates: but an apple little better than a crab, and very ſcarce, is all in return that can be extracted from this ſoil.

One gentleman has boaſted to have gathered ſix peaches on his mountain, and to have ſhown ſome other European fruits; perhaps it may be owing to neglect, that the cooler mountains of this country do not boaſt better and more of them.

Nothing can be more congenial to this climate than the water melon, being full of a juice as thin as water and almoſt as pure, but it has a ſweetneſs which diſtinguiſhes it. When one of theſe has been lying in cool water,

or

or a cellar, a ſlice of it is extremely refreſhing.

The granadilla is an excellent fruit, one of the fineſt in the country; it is long, round, and hollow, and grows to a ſize three times as big as an apple: it is gathered before it is quite ripe, and while it is of a light green colour: in its cavity is contained a juice and a number of little ſeeds that have a remarkable pleaſant acid; this is mixed with ſugar and eaten with a ſpoon: the outſide coat when ſliced and put into

into a cruſt, is hardly to be diſtinguiſhed from apple-pye. This fruit grows on a vine like that of the paſſion flower, and I have always from the exact conformity of the flower, thought them of the ſame kind *.

To

* "There is a ſort (of the paſſion-flower) "called granadilla, in the Weſt Indies, where the "fruit is eaten. It has undivided oblong "leaves, hollowed next the petiole, which has "two glands; the involucres are quite entire, "as are alſo the leaves about the edge. The "corol is large, with white petals, and a blue "glory. The fruit is roundiſh, the ſize of a "large apple, and yellow when ripe."

MARTYN's *Elements of Botany*, p. 424.

Since

To crown their deſert, the Weſt Indians have the beſt nuts in the world. You have vaſt numbers of the cocoa nut and caſhoo nut in England, but they loſe their freſhneſs. The nut of the caſhoo, grows very cu-

Since my return to England, I was converſing with Mr. B. on this ſubject, who told me that in his father's garden, not far from Windſor, the paſſion-flower vine bore three granadillas, which were eſteemed a great curioſity, but nobody knew what they were, till he, who was juſt returned from Jamaica, knew the fruit and informed them, on which they were eaten. The vine had never borne before, and died the year after without bearing again.

rioufly

rioufly on the outfide of the fruit, hanging towards the ground.

Now, Eugenio, put all thefe good things together, and own there is ample wherewith, to gorge the glutton and delight the epicure.

THE

THE GROTTO.

THERE is a very curious cave on the North ſide of the iſland, which I have been viſiting with my friend Philanthropos, —the chambers are very lofty and ſpacious, but the paſſages are ſo intricate, that none have yet ventured to explore the extent of the grotto.——Truſting to our guides we wandered from chamber to chamber, till the decreaſe of our wooden torches, warned us to return in time to the Sun.

The

The ground we walked upon was uneven, and our feet ſunk half over our ſhoes into a kind of ſoft black duſt like ſoot; we met vaſt numbers of bats.

In ſome of the apartments there were ſmall clefts that admitted day-light, and after proceeding a conſiderable way, we got out into a curious large area, in which there were trees growing.

Entering by another cell on the oppoſite ſide of the area, we were told by our guides to walk with caution, as we were approaching a deep well—at which we

we ſhortly arrived, and throwing down a large ſtone, heard it ſtrike repeatedly againſt the ſides, till at laſt it daſhed into the water, after taking near a minute in its deſcent.

As we returned we paſſed thro' one apartment, where we were ſtruck with a number of extraordinary figures; ſome in the ſhape of tombs, others of various bodies and faces, but one image was ſo nearly perfect, that we could ſcarcely reſolve upon its being a *luſus naturæ*.—It was the figure of an old man with a long beard, cloathed

cloathed in a robe ſitting on a ſtone, and reclining his head upon his hand, his elbow reſting on his knee:—the folds of his robe fell over his feet, and above his head was (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) a large concave ſheet of the rock, under which he ſat as under a canopy—his poſture was that of penſive melancholy, which furniſhed Philanthropos with the ſubject of the following Ode.

THE GROTTO:

OR,

MELANCHOLY.

AN ODE.

Written after viſiting the Cavern in the Pariſh of St. Ann in the Iſland of Jamaica.

WHILE in the Grotto's gloomy cells
We preſs'd the devious way,
Thro' many a chamber that expells
With fretted roofs the day,
Where Darkneſs, darken'd with extent,
Seen by the rays our torches lent,
Or one juſt ſtraggling from above,
That Night's deep viſage diſtant ſhow'd,
Black'ning the arch of her abode,
A Cimmerian grove,

Mel-

Melpomene, in mournful vein,
Sibylla's theme t' inſpire,
To Melancholy gave the ſtrain,
And ſymphoniz'd the lyre.
In one ſad cell the hermit ſat,
Remote from man; the ſkulking bat
The ſole companion of his murky cave:
His head was cannopy'd with ſtone,
Or water into chryſtal grown,
Fixt in a ſolid wave.

Of ſtone himſelf the hermit ſeem'd,
In meditation loſt;
With ſparry gems his garment gleam'd,
In many foldings croſt:
A ſhining beard fell down his breaſt,
An elbow on his knee found reſt,
The arm upheld his rev'rend cheek:
All vow'd the hermit was but ſtone,
When, in a mellow awful tone,
All heard the hermit ſpeak.

" Go on, ye buſy curious train,
Your active walks purſue,
Which Melancholy ſhall diſdain
To mark with ebon hue.
Still trip it in a proſp'rous glare;
Ye ne'er ſhall ſee my footſteps there.
I ſhun the buſtling crowded court;
In lonely grove or darkſome room
I dwell, and caſt an awful gloom
On all who near reſort.

Go on, ye buſy prating crew,
Ye take the happier part;
Ne'er ſhall my tear your cheeks bedew,
Nor ſorrow preſs the heart:
Grief on light minds can never laſt,
A gloom perhaps, in riſing paſt,
Scarce clouded ere again 'tis bright:
'Tis not the calm yet deep fetch'd ſigh,
The glowing ſoul that melts the eye,
And dims the faireſt light.

Ah!

Ah! far, ſtill far, my haunts avoid:
A ſolitary road;
Some yew tree ſhade, or cavern wide;
A gloomy drear abode.
Come ye, whem muſing fancy leads
O'er awful philoſophic meads,
Who weigh of life each parting hour:
Or ye, who Fortune's droſs deſpiſe,
Yet ſtill muſt feel, if off ſhe flies,
The loſs of gen'rous pow'r.

And ah! beware ye gen'rous youth!
Too prompt to yield the heart:
One hand the murd'rer lifts to ſoothe,
The other holds the dart.
Your unſuſpecting boſoms know,
With Nature's genial warmth to glow,
Warm friendſhips and fond loves enjoying:
But ah! the faithleſs crew beware,
They are not, what they ſeem, ſincere,
And live bnt by deſtroying.

Near to this cavern's rocky ground
A lofty ſtandard grew;
His foliag'd branches ſpread around
Moſt comely to the view:
A creeping vine, that grovell'd nigh,
The tree receiv'd and rais'd on high,
Pleas'd to ſupport the wanton wreath:
Th' uſurping tendril wreathes too free;
The paraſite becomes the tree,
The ſtandard 's hugg'd to death.

Come too, ye born of Sympathy,
Whom ſocial woes depreſs,
To Melancholy's haunts be free,
Your hearts partake diſtreſs;
Ye turn and agonize each thought
With the keen pangs of mortal lot,
Give ſigh for ſigh and groan for groan;
Pale miſery ye contemplate,
Of others feel the wretched fate,
And make it all your own.

And ye, who court, but court in vain,
Health's chearful roſeate boon,
Whoſe hours are tarniſh'd o'er with pain,
Whoſe joys are fled too ſoon.
Like poor Eugenia, form'd to pleaſe,
Yet doom'd the victim of diſeaſe,
Where Sol pours forth his torrid day:
Vain is her form, her ſong is vain;
She charms, but languid ſinks again
Beneath the fervid ray.

And come ye ſons of ſimple heart,
Who are not fain to chuſe,
Still doom'd to hug the fatal dart,
And taught by Love to muſe,
Tho' unavailing ſighs are wind,
Still paint the angel on your mind,
Still hope the beauteous maid may turn;
Still ſee her ſmile, ſtill think you hear,
Soft flowing words that more endear,
In fancied raptures burn.

Come thou black fugitive of woe,
Who fly'ſt the torturing ſcourge;
Whoſe blood is taught thro' pores to flow,
Whom thongs to labour urge:
And thou, the bolder brother, thou,
Whom Afric never taught to bow,
To bondage rebel and to toil;
Bold C'romantee! whoſe fruitleſs ſtrife
But rivets more thy chain for life,
But makes each link a coil.

Come, all ye ſable ſons of earth,
Spurn'd by the fairer race;
Made ſlaves by Commerce or by birth,
To Reaſon's ſad diſgrace:
Once wanderers on your native fields,
Where Nature ample nurture yields;
Here come, and mourn your ſocial lot:
Quench early at the neighbouring Spring,
A plain repaſt from Breadnuts bring;
Or tax the tyrant's ſpot:

Thence

Thence mellow Avocadoes gain,
Nor ſpare his rooſt or fold;
The plantain thence and juicy cane;
Whence Afric's bonds are told,
Seize on your ſhare e'er yet day dawn
By nature and by hunger drawn,
No theft—with eaſe of conſcience bleſt—
Then to this deſert cave retire;
Here kindle oft your friendly fire,
And ſink to ſleep and reſt.

Go hence, ye vain explorers! go—
Whoſe thoughts from ſelf ne'er rove.
Yet learn this truth;—ah! learn to know
All bliſs muſt ſpring from love.
For love of God, and love of man,
Extend our nature's bounded plan:
Let tropic tyrants call it folly—
'Tis vice, not man, I ſtrive to ſhun:—
Ye thoughtleſs ſons of vice be gone!
Ye know not Melancholy."

A WEST INDIAN.

THE real Weſt Indian is the rareſt inhabitant of the Weſt Indies, as Philanthropos told me; yet, Eugenio, there are ſome who reſide in this iſland. I am now at Hertford Penn; it is the reſidence of a Weſt Indian, a man of taſte and learning; and a deſcription would but picture the elegance of European manners, turning all that the climate offers to the beſt advantage. A claſſical education, and a courſe of well-

well-directed travelling, conſpired to accompliſh the mind of Benevolus; and while that was liberally ſtored with the beauties of ſcience and of art, and with every delicate refinement, Nature preſſed upon his heart all the noble feelings of philanthropy. A princely fortune enabled him to indulge his taſte in the patronage of merit, and to enjoy the luxury of doing good. In the boſom of his family, he enjoys true and domeſtic happineſs. As a man of the world, he is accompliſhed, mild, and pleaſing; as a friend, ſincere;

ſincere; as a huſband, delicate and affectionate; as a brother, warmly attached; as a maſter, tender and humane; as a man of buſineſs, alas! miſled by the goodneſs of his own heart and the villany of others.

The ſituation of Hertford, is one of the pleaſanteſt in the country: it is on a very gently riſing ground, nearly equally removed from the ſea, and lofty mountains covered with wood, and at a ſhort diſtance from a fine river. Some of the moſt romantic ſcenes in this iſland, are upon the eſtates of Benevolus, and I hope one

day (for he is fond of writing, and writes charmingly) to ſee an account, not only of theſe ſcenes that belong to himſelf, but of the whole iſland.

I have ſpent no days in this country, with more pleaſure than the ſhort time I have paſſed at Hertford. Converſation, books, muſic, drawing, riding, bathing, fiſhing. Yet all the elegance and pleaſures I find in this place, though they dazzle, do not extinguiſh the general opinion I have formed; for in Benevolus himſelf, I diſcover a freſh inſtance

to

to eſtabliſh it. The real Weſt Indian, ſooner or later, becomes a prey to the harpies of his country—his own heart is too honeſt and too open—he perceives not the approach of the talons, till the gripe awakes him, alas! too late, to a ſenſe of danger. Hurricanes from Heaven, and compound intereſt on earth, have conſpired to ſhake the noble fortune of this amiable man, and there are at this moment wretches, who have been raiſed by his own hand from poverty and inſignificance to proſperity and conſe-

quence, that are watching his downfall with a diabolical malignity of heart, and waiting but the ſignal to ruſh in and bury him in his ruins. Angels avert it! *

* With what indignation muſt every man of feeling learn the fate of this amiable Weſt Indian. When he found himſelf involved, and that his creditors were proceeding haſtily, he determined to come to England to put his affairs into the beſt train he could. Some of his friends adviſed him to land firſt in France—"No, ſaid he, why ſhould I be afraid? I do not mean to injure any man, why ſhould any man injure me?—and beſides, they who have the power to do me ill, are thoſe to whom I have done good—I cannot believe the heart of man

man ſo corrupt." He landed in England, and took a poſt-chaiſe for London—On the road he met a carriage, in which there were three men, one of whom he knew, and whoſe riſe in life he had been greatly the means of promoting.—They ſtopt, when this deſcendant of Judas Iſcariot alighted from the carriage, and with the moſt friendly ſalutation, advanced and ſhook hands with his benefactor, who was thereupon immediately taken by the bailiffs, he had brought for the purpoſe. It is ſaid this betrayer was afterwards ſeized with ſome degree of remorſe, but I do not hear that he has yet performed the ſame juſtice upon himſelf that Iſcariot did. Be that as it may, the victim of his ingratitude was brought in cuſtody to London, where detainers to a large amount were lodged againſt him, and he was conducted to the Fleet Priſon. His circumſtances being involved from the cauſes already mentioned in the foregoing pages, no friend was found to

ſtep

ſtep forth to extricate him from the toils into which he had fallen; and he remains, after two years confinement, with leſs hope than ever of his liberty, while they who enjail ſo benevolent, ſo worthy a man, forget they ever owed him obligation. Thus wounded by the envenomed dart of ingratitude, thus fallen from the pinnacle of proſperity to a priſon, he ſtill finds cheerfulneſs the reſult of philoſophy, and, folding his heart at preſent in the warm affection of his friends, he looks forward with reſignation and manly fortitude. He has lately treated the world with a deſcriptive account at large, of the iſland of Jamaica, in which his properties are ſituated.

This Journey in the Weſt Indies, was prepared for the preſs ſome months before, and the Author apprehended it might interfere with Mr. B.'s account; but a peruſal of that pleaſing work has removed his apprehenſions. The two ſmall vo-

lumes that are now offered to the public, contain a few ſcenes that have preſented themſelves in the Weſt Indies. Mr. B.'s work, on an ample ſcale, treats of the agriculture of the country, and of the nature and proper treatment of the negroes, together with political remarks on the abolition of the ſlave trade; and he has alſo frequently indulged the ardour of his imagination, in painting the ſublime of the Torrid Zone. His deſcription of the terrible hurricane in the year 1780, by which he was ſo great a ſufferer in his property, and was perſonally ſo imminently in danger, is not more juſtly than ſublimely and feelingly pictured.

The work is ſold by Egerton, at Charing-Croſs.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER.

SOON now, Eugenio, ſhall I preſs you to my boſom—I am going home *this year*—this month—my paſſage is agreed for.

NEXT YEAR—I go *home* next year is a grand and general determination among the Weſt Indians.—Both of the natives and emigrants, Britain is denominated the home, to which all ardently turn their eyes and their wiſhes—but alas! Eugenio, how many ſink to a more certain home

before that happy year in which the Weſt Indian or the emigrant, content with the fund he has accumulated, can prevail upon himſelf to quit the paths of wealth, and ſeek the happineſs he ſo much deſires to find at home. Among thoſe who have come hither to court the ſmiles of Fortune there was a young man, whoſe talents and virtues, Eugenio, would have graced the capital of England, who, had he lived in Rome when ſhe was making her laſt ſtruggles for expiring liberty would have rivalled Tully, and who

who in *one year more* would have added great luſtre to the acknowledged ſuperiority of Engliſh eloquence.

HUGH LEWIS was born in Wales, but ſent at a very early age to Jamaica, to purſue his fortune in the track of commerce—He was happily placed with a very amiable man eſtabliſhed here in the higheſt line of mercantile life. Sprightlineſs on the one ſide, and diſcernment on the other, begat a mutual affection, which ſhortly left Lewis to feel double grief for the loſs

of his friend and his patron; in whoſe houſe it was probable, had not death intervened, he would have riſen to merited fortune.

At the death of this gentleman he was not more than ſixteen or ſeventeen years old, but his talent for eloquence had already developed itſelf, and the fluency of his language was the admiration of all who knew him. His friends adviſed him to turn his thoughts to the bar.—Though he had never ſtudied at an univerſity, and had left the grammar ſchool almoſt at the age when other boys are ſent

to it, the quickneſs of his parts, and the uncommon retention of his memory, made ample amends for every diſadvantage. He was a good Latin ſcholar; with the Engliſh, Nature ſeemed to have freely gifted him, and he had had ſome inſight into buſineſs and accounts. He took the advice of his friends, came to England, and entered himſelf of the ſociety of the Inner Temple. For the five years of requiſite attendance at the hall of the ſociety, he devoted himſelf totally, and with unwearied aſſiduity and conſtancy,

to his ſtudies, and always retained what he read. He acquired by degrees an extenſive library; he did not confine himſelf to the ſtudying ſtatutes and reports, he as eagerly cultivated what would give elegance to his profeſſion, as he did the neceſſary grounds of it. He was acquainted with almoſt every author of note, either in the original language or by tranſlation.—He made himſelf maſter of Latin, and was proficient in the French: ſome advance he alſo made in Greek, but he found that

he had not time to maſter it, and did not purſue it.

Public ſpeaking was his great aim and pleaſure, and as he excelled in it, he was ever ready to ſtart ſubjects for debate among his companions, ſome of whom are now ſhining in Weſtminſter Hall, and muſt remember him well.

By exerciſe his memory became ſo ſtrong, that he would quote and recite whole pages from the fugitive political pamphlets of Dr. Johnſon, and other great writers of that day. He was

a zealous

a zealous admirer of Dr. Johnſon, but he preferred the language of Sir William Temple, and of Junius.

With a mind thus ſtored and thus comprehenſive, this accompliſhed young man, after being admitted to the degree of barriſter, quitted England when he was about five and twenty years of age, and arrived here among his friends, by whom he had been impatiently expected.

Notwithſtanding his confidence in his own abilities, and the many combats of argument, he had fought

fought among his fellow Templars; yet, when he firſt attempted a cauſe in the chief court of this Iſland, he was ſo awed by the ſolemnity of the place and the high-wrought expectation of the croud, that before he had ſpoken three minutes, he ſat down unable to proceed. In this, however, he did not wholly eſcape the ſuſpicion of having followed the leſſon of the Roman Maſter of Eloquence, who adviſes his young orator to appear at firſt abaſhed, if he be not really ſo.

LEWIS's abilities were already generally known, and he very ſoon juſtified the fond anticipation of his friends.

When he arrived, the government of Jamaica, was in the hands of General Dalling, who ſoon diſtinguiſhed his talents, and profitted by them.

Some miſunderſtanding that took place ſhortly after his arrival between the Governor, and the gentleman, who at that time was both Attorney and Advocate-General, gave the former an opportunity of conferring the ſilk gown

gown on LEWIS, the holding the two offices being declared incompatible—He was confirmed from England Advocate, which at once gave him precedence of all the other barriſters, except the Attorney-General—and this, young as he was, Eugenio, he owed ſolely to his merit, which raiſed him to the ſummit of his profeſſion, where he maintained with dignity and good nature, his allowed and evident ſuperiority.

Honours ſeemed to croud upon him—he had been but a ſhort time in the Iſland, when he was

elected

elected a member of the Aſſembly.

The poor ſlaves were fond of him; they uſed to call him the friend of the negroes, for he was ever ready to ſupport their cauſe againſt flagrant oppreſſions.—He was beloved by his friends and reſpected by all.

His oratory was florid and vehement; by which he almoſt always addreſſed the paſſions, making the drieſt demurrers of law intereſting to his hearers—his vehemence and loudneſs accompanied him into private ſociety,

ciety, which I know, Eugenio, you will ſay is a fault; and it led him too often to engroſs the converſation, though at the ſame time he enlivened and delighted the company, for every body was fond of him.

I was well acquainted with him, Eugenio, from the time of his being a ſtudent in the Temple —and when I was laſt in company with him, I urged him to return to London. "I will, ſaid he, it is my ambition—I I look eagerly forward to that

criſis

criſis of my life—yes, my friend, *next year* or the year after—by that time I hope I ſhall be able to manage horſes to carry me to Weſtminſter."

He was now making yearly by his profeſſion between ſeven and eight thouſand pounds—but his perſon was ſlender and his conſtitution weak.

It was at Savanah-la-Mar, I laſt ſaw him, where he had been remarkably brilliant in a cauſe, in which he was counſel for a free mulatto, who had been ill-uſed by a Creole 'ſquire.—There I laſt

ſhook

ſhook hands with him—he was at that time about two and thirty years old.——" We ſhall meet, ſaid he, in Spaniſh Town in a few days."

In a few days I arrived in Spaniſh Town, and enquired for LEWIS—" He is in the moſt imminent danger—his diſorder baffles the ſkill of all the faculty—his fever has riſen to a raging delirium."—I ſent immediately to his houſe—my meſſenger returns—" He is dead!"

Adieu! Eugenio.

FINIS.

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